



"THE  
HARVEST  
INDEED  
IS  
GREAT,  
BUT  
THE  
LABORERS  
ARE  
FEW.

"PRAY  
YE  
THEREFORE



THE  
LORD  
OF  
THE  
HARVEST,  
THAT  
HE  
SEND  
LABORERS  
INTO  
HIS  
HARVEST."

St. Luke x-2

# The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa

PUBLISHED BY

THE WHITE SISTERS OF AFRICA

METUCHEN,

✻

✻

NEW JERSEY

# The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa



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## Recommendation of His Excellency the Bishop Of Trenton, N. J.

Dear Reverend Mother:

I am indeed pleased to recommend most heartily the Apostolic work of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. You are laboring in your own quiet way, and in accordance with the wishes of our Holy Father, Pius XI. gloriously reigning, solely that Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, may be better known and better loved by those for whom he gave His life in the Cross that all men might have life, and have it more abundantly.

Any assistance given you will be rewarded by the Saviour Himself, who has promised: "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, amen, I say to you, he shall not lose his reward." I am sure such a labor of love needs no further commendation to the good priests and faithful people of the Diocese of Trenton.

Wishing you every blessing in your noble work, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

+ MOSES E. KILEY,  
 Bishop of Trenton.

July 24, 1934.

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For Information apply to Rev. Mother Superior, 319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, N. J.

# Happy, Holy and Prosperous New Year

We, the Missionaries of Our Lady of Africa and our converts, offer once again our most sincere and cordial wishes for a Happy, Holy and Prosperous New Year.

Thanks to the Members of the Guilds and Leagues, to our Friends and Benefactors who have helped and encouraged us by their prayers and sacrifices.

Thanks to the Members of the different Mission Units, to the school children and their Moderators, to our Subscribers who generously done their part towards the Missions.

Thanks to those who have filled the little Christmas stocking and have fed our little orphans.

In return for your charity, we, poor Missionaries, shall offer our daily work and humble prayers, for your intentions during the coming year.

May our Catholics of America continue to help the Missionaries and thereby help spread the Faith throughout the pagan lands of Africa.

May we remind you, dear readers, how much we depend on your generous help. Multiply your prayers for the Missions, help to increase the circulation of the "Messenger of Our Lady of Africa," by finding other subscribers, who will co-operate in our work for the salvation of these souls so dear to our Lord.

Thus the year 1937 will be assured of God's choicest blessings upon you and yours.



THANK YOU AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

# Story of A Young Orphan

IT WAS A HOLIDAY for the children, I was in charge of them. While the youngsters played their favorite game, the oldest surrounded me in a quiet conversation. "Jeanette". I said to one of them, "You promised to tell me your story, shall it be to-day?" "If you wish, Sister," Immediately without embarrassment, the girl began.

"When I was small, I was loved by my paren's, who though poor never let me want for anything. My father had a small salary, a nice home and we lived comfortably, although economically. I was six years old, when God sent me a little sister, whom I loved from the first time I saw her. My father was very happy over the event, quite different from the other Kabyles, who saw in the birth of a daughter, a sign of the curse of Allah. One day while tired he lay down without having his mat under him, he was soon suffering from pains; his arms became affected and he was unable to lift them; then poverty gave place to misery; joy to sadness.

"Fever consumed him and soon the Missionary who came to attend him told my mother that his illness was fatal. In spite of my young age, I was hardly seven, I fully understood the misfortune which threatened us; my father was going to die and according to the Kabyle law, my mother could not inherit anything; my little sister and I would be put out of our home without shelter, thrown on charity. What a future!

"However the Good Father J..... continued to care for the sick man. His visits became more frequent and often his coming brought me great consolation. My father never murmured or complained against God as he had done at the beginning of his illness, a marvelous transformation had taken place. The missionary wished to be alone with him, the wishes of the dying are always respected. When the man of God had left, we came back and spoke of Heaven; he spoke of the protection which he would continue to exercise over us; of the resignation with which we must accept our cross; that we must rely confidently on the goodness of God.

"My mother, a fanatic Mohammedan, did not wish to hear this language so new to her, she did not think that the law would treat her unkindly and to escape the sad parting, she would go to her parent's.

"As for me, lying on the mat by my father I reflected while crying softly. My father had always been kind to me. I remembered it all. At this moment, his brothers, nephews and neighbors arrived ready to chant the Mussulman rite, for the dying. Suddenly one of them grabbed me from my father's arms and threw me into a corner of the room. My father opposed their fanatical designs and besought them with pitiful cries to have mercy on him. He closed his eyes and remained quiet. I had never moved from the corner where I had been so cruelly thrown. From there I could see all that went on: My father looking as if death were approaching fast, the savage new comers glaring

at him with rage and anger; my poor mother looking with amazement holding my little sister in her arms.

"Suddenly, someone entered the room with authority and quietly bent over my father, he called him by name; my father opened his eyes. The Father, for it was he, whispered some words in his ear; the dying one gave a sign of acquiescence; the missionary opened his small case of remedies, drew out a bottle and poured the contents on my father's forehead; a last smile illumined the dying features; he grasped the blessed hand which had brought him consolation. The priest understood and held his hand in kindness.

"What a contrast between the two pictures; that of the priest filled with beauty of his mission of charity and the other one of the ill-intentioned natives. After a few minutes of silence, the Father told us all was ended. Then what a change. A savage clamor arose to announce the death to our neighbours, then came the burial. I had to leave the home where I was born, where my parent had expired; they closed the door on us, we would no longer be permitted to cross the sill.

"My grandparents received my mother with pity for our distress. My baby sister was still dependent on my mother and she also was welcomed. I was abandoned, eating the bread of the beggar. Finally my blind grandmother consented to take me in, in remembrance of her son. I had now a shelter for the night, during the day, I went begging from door to door, accompanying my grandmother who excited pity. Rich heartless people made fun of this poor blind woman and her little ragged grandchild, their dogs were sent after us. The poor knowing how to sympathize with us, tried to comfort us.

"My fanatic grandmother would not permit me to ask help from the Missionaries. A few months passed thus, then new sufferings, new miseries were about to begin. I was sent to live with relatives where I was ill-treated by them, a grandson was particularly mean. He treated me like a slave, everything I did was wrong. He found a million excuses to punish me, he had a heart of stone.

"Twice a day I was given a small piece of biscuit



Kabyle Women — Hard



# n Kabyle Told By Herself

for nourishment. This biscuit was baked on small stones on the earth. Just now more outrages were brought against me. I was reduced to an extreme state of weakness, fever soon consumed me; it was thought I would die. It would be much better for me. Why should I live longer? I was no longer able to do anything. The cruel son who was worse than his father tried one day to outdo himself. One evening he came up to me and seated himself by my side. I was filled with terror, weak with fever and I had thrown myself down on a mat in a corner which had been assigned to me. 'Here,' He said in a sweet voice, 'I really do not know you yet, I pity you for you are sick and look faint.' I

grabbed from his hand what I thought was a morsel of food, but I found it to be one of these enormous poisonous toadstool which abound in our country. Imagine my indignation. I rejected it and the barbarian then tried to choke me. I then took the toadstool and swallowed the pieces which I counted; one, two, up to fifteen.

"I waited a few moments and threw myself back pretending I was fainting, my assailant left me alone; without hesitation, I quickly placed my finger in my throat and the fifteen pieces were soon discharged from my stomach; I was saved.

"I wanted to run away, but where? I had seen orphans received by the Sisters working and playing under their supervision. Could not the happiness of these children be mine? I decided to run away. Worn out by terror and fatigue, I at last slept. In the morning I was much stronger, I gathered what few clothes I had. I had made my preparations quietly but the man of the house was awakened, after a short talk with his wife, he told me I should better go to the Sisters. I could scarcely believe my own ears. When I arrived at the Mission, Good Father J was busy giving out his remedies to the sick and infirm; he saw me and tears of pity filled his eyes. He was gone but a few minutes and returned with the Mother Superior.

"Do you want to go to the Sisters?' 'Oh mon Père,' I cried. 'From to-day you may count yourself as one of us, there are still some difficulties to be overcome, be happy though. I myself shall take you to your uncle Jean-Marie where

you shall stay until we can take you to live with us.'

"My Christian uncle was blind and poor, but he and his family received me with open arms; for an entire month they treated me well; I afterward found out that the Missionaries had helped defray the expenses they had incurred on my behalf. One morning a strange lady came to the hut, she carried a lovely baby whom I did not recognize, but who was my own little sister. But where was my mother? I soon learned that she had remarried and had left the baby with my grandmother, where it was being sadly neglected. That evening, both of us were taken to the Sisters where we were first bathed and clothed in new garments. The next day a Christian conducted us to Ouad'hias. We rested there several days when we again started on the road and soon reached Taguamount, the end of our journey. We were cordially received. You know the rest, Sister."

"Yes, I know the rest," said the Sister, "I also know some other things which you seem to have missed." Deciding that the time had come to disclose to the child the mysterious favor of love performed on behalf of her father, the nun replied slowly:

"Your father is in heaven and watches over you, as he promised; he did not want you and your little sister to die in misery; he has protected you and brought you here. The happiness which he felt before he died was due to his faith. Being a child of God by baptism, he is now enjoying the Presence which he had come to know late, but which he certainly loved."

"What do you say, Sister, was my father a Christian?"

"Yes, God gave him that grace the last day of his life?"

At these words, the child threw up her arms and then in a gesture of sublime love and gratitude, she went down on her knees, lifted her eyes towards Heaven and cried in a loud voice, "My God, have mercy, I shall see my father, my father is in Heaven."

Jeanette was baptized on her own request after four year's preparation. She is a charming girl of sixteen years, her health at first caused us some anxiety but she finally improved. Her piety, her good nature and her lively humor endears her to her companions. She is truly an all-around girl, as far as either work or recreation go.

God asked of her a great sacrifice when three years later, he took her sister, Messaouda, who passed away after a short illness. She had made her First Holy Communion on the fifteenth of August and died that same day. Her act of thanksgiving ended in the beautiful Heavens, where the Blessed Virgin had invited her to attend Her glorious feast.

Jeanette's greatest happiness is to think that on High her father and her little sister, the two great lovers of her life, are watching over her, loving her and preparing a place for her.

SISTER M. GERARDA.



— Hard work is their lot.

## Pagan Customs

THE FOLLOWING notes concerning the Natives of Mbulu will help to make evident the benefits of Christianity among the population of Northern Africa.

A Christian came to us one day to ask our assistance for his daughter who had been wounded by a hyena. Two Sisters heeded his call immediately. We arrived at the hut at nine o'clock in the morning and we had to wait till the cattle were driven from the house because they occupy the better part of it. We were greeted by the father and the mother with a baby in her arms and another by her side. She was weeping. Since we had arrived at the house we had heard a child moaning, just then the father and his son carried into the room what seemed a shapeless mass of rags stained with blood. It was the little girl. They laid her on the floor and when we had uncovered her, we saw that she was in a terrible state. Her scalp was torn to shreds and her skull fractured. Her nose was broken, blood flowing from her eyes, her ribs were crushed and one arm hung limply from her body.

The father told us that the evening before, the child had gone to the fountain as usual. Suddenly he heard her scream, he rushed to her help but before he could reach her he saw the hyena seize the child's head in its jaws and shake her as a cat shakes a mouse.

While Mother St. Henry gave the child first aid, Sister Cassilda spoke to the father telling him that his child would die. "Oh," said he, "she was baptized last night by Edouardi; her name is Angela." Edouardi is a good Christian; he had heard the child moaning after the accident and going to her bedside he had administered Baptism.

While we were attending to little Angela, she had a fainting spell and we asked the mother for some water. She said she had none. Sister Cassilda took the calabash and started for a neighbor's house to fetch some water but the father stopped her and took the calabash away. Fortunately we had a little water in a bottle and this served to prepare the cordial for the child.

In the afternoon we visited a sick woman and were surprised at the manner of our reception. Her relatives tried to convince us that she was no longer in the house. When we returned to the Mission we were given the explanation of this. According to the beliefs of the tribe, it was not a hyena but the devil who had attacked the child near the spring and no one would drink of the water from it until certain sacrifices had been offered. We had touched the child, so we also were contaminated and must not enter the native huts.

Some days later we called on a young mother who had been ill. On the way we heard that she had died during the night. We grieved because we had not been with her in her last moments and were anxious about the fate of her baby. We were met by the old grandfather who showed us the infant wrapped in a ragged cloth and lying on the damp ground. This was the only bed the poor

mother had had and no doubt the want of proper care was the cause of her death.

The old man, whose main preoccupation was with the sacrifice to be offered to the evil spirits had done nothing for the child, but he asked us to adopt it at the Mission. We baptized her and told the father to see the Reverend Father Superior. We hesitated about leaving it in the hut because according to the customs of the country any child whose mother has died when bringing him into the world, has no right to live. He must be got rid of in some way or other. We knew this had happened. During our first days at Mbulu, we were told one evening that an infant had been found half buried in the earth. We sent a lay Brother and two natives to the spot and they returned with the child who, although left for two days in what was to have been his grave, seemed quite willing to live. This had happened several times in spite of the efforts of the Government to suppress such a barbarous custom.

The Mission adopts these poor waifs. Sometimes the fathers take the babies to the Sisters because, although they dare not keep them and thus arouse the anger of the spirits, they dare not incur the punishment of the authorities by destroying their offspring.

One evening when we were returning from Church we saw a man seated near the door of the orphan asylum. We stopped to speak to him and as I bent down to examine the beads which hung around his neck, I saw that he carried a baby wrapped in the folds of his garments. "This is my son," said he, timidly. "His mother died and I have brought him to you."

We took the child. He was baptized and we entrusted him to the care of a Christian widow.

We hope that Mbulu will one day have its maternity hospital to care for the mothers and save the lives and souls of the babies, and above all we hope for the rapid spread of the Gospel in this region so that superstition and barbarity may be wiped out.

### FROM A MITE TO A CHALICE

Please save your old silver or golden jewelry, and trinkets which are hoarded away and they shall be changed into a lovely chalice.

Your small sacrifice shall give you the grace to participate in the Sacrifice of all sacrifices—the Mass.

### OBITUARY

Your prayers are requested for the happy repose of the souls of:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. W. J. Flynn, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Rev. A. Delpuch, W.F., Rome, Italy.  
 Rev. W. Sicard, W.F., Tabora, Africa.  
 Rev. Brother G. Monaghan, Thibar, Africa.  
 Sr. M. St. Augustin, White Sister, St. Charles, Africa.  
 Sr. St. Martial, White Sister, St. Charles, Africa.  
 Miss Elizabeth Fougere, Antigonish, Nova Scotia.  
 Mrs. K. Gleeson, Jersey City, N. J.

## Kagondo's Great Venture

A FULLY-EQUIPPED Maternity Hospital and Prenatal Welfare Clinic have been opened at Kagondo by the White Sisters. His Excellency, Governor of Tanganyika Territory, very kindly performed the opening ceremony. The native Chief, escorted by his full suite was present.

The hospital is built on modern lines. There are the labor wards, and the isolation wards for the contagious diseases. The main hospital is partly surrounded by a verandah, the coolness of which is much appreciated by the mothers and babies. All the equipment is of the most modern type. A special feature of the hospital is that there is a group of model native huts for the women who still prefer native customs to European civilization.

The Sisters have trained native nurses — these had first to be given a general training in their schools. This, of course, has been a very difficult task, as there are no text-books on the subject in the native tongue. The Mother

Superior has prepared a complete series of text-books and is now only awaiting the necessary money to publish them.

Infant mortality was formerly very high in this Territory, but the pre-natal Clinic and Child Welfare Centre attached to the hospital are doing much to reduce this. It is indeed a great step of progress in Darkest Africa, and these poor native women are spared much suffering and pain.

His Excellency, the Governor made a complete survey of the hospital and praised it very highly. He addressed all those assembled and an interpreter rendered his speech into the language of the natives.

He strongly recommended the natives to be obedient to the Priests and Sisters. The Native King also spoke, and after a general cheer for the White Sisters and their work, the British National An-

them was sung by the Priests, the Nuns and the children.



By taking care of their bodies we win their souls.

## Acknowledgments

### "VISIONS OF AFRICA" SHOWN IN DETROIT.

Our film the "Visions of Africa," for several months, was shown throughout the diocese of Detroit. Thousands of children in the schools, colleges and schools of nursing have enjoyed a glimpse of the work being carried on in Darkest Africa.

Church Societies, Mission Units and parishioners have also shown great interest.

We are very much indebted to the Right Reverend M. Gallagher, Bishop of Detroit, and Very Reverend Monsignor J. Hunt, Diocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith, who gave us the necessary permissions. Many priests, sisters and friends, especially the Catholic Women's Leagues, helped us in many ways. We have highly appreciated the generous hospitality of the Sisters offered us everywhere we went and which is an invaluable help to the Missions.

Our heartfelt thanks to all who have helped us to bring our pagan souls nearer to God.

The Bishop McDonnell Memorial High School, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the adoption of four pagan babies.

St. John Evangelist School, Detroit, Michigan, who have adopted five pagan babies. The Duchesne Mission Unit, Philadelphia, Pa., who ransomed Mary Rose.

To ALL our friends who have remembered our Missions by their Christmas offerings.

Thanks to Guy de Fontgalland for favors obtained: Mrs. Mower, Altoona, Pa.; Mr. I. Filla, University City, Mo.

### NEWS FROM OUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES

St. John Evangelist School,  
Detroit, Michigan.

Dear Sisters:

The girls and boys of our sixth grade have collected five dollars for the ransom of a heathen baby.

We are very anxious to know whether the child ransomed is a boy or girl and the name.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas, we remain,

Respectfully yours,

The boys and girls of grade six.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sister:

The little Duchesne Mission Unit would like to buy a Pagan baby and we would like to name her Rose Mary.

Would you please send us a picture of her?

Your grateful child,  
Stafford Smith.

# The Virtues of Guy de Fontgalland

Reverend L. L. McReary

THE CHURCH, in her eulogy of her Confessor saint's, sums up their virtues and their merits in a couplet:

"Qui pius, prudens, humilis,  
pudicus,  
Sobriam duxit sine labe  
vitam."

which we may translate:

"Pious, prudent, humble and  
pure,

He led a sober life, without  
stain."

We propose to examine the virtues of our little Servant of God in the order thus laid down, to satisfy ourselves that he is a worthy candidate for election to the glorious company.

## "PIOUS"

The word "pious" is not easy to render into English. "Pietas" means more than "piety" it means all that loving devotion which we owe to those with whom we are bound by special ties of relationship. It can be taken to embrace both the devout filial love which we owe to God as our Father, and the fraternal charity which we owe to our neighbour as our brother in Christ; and it is this double sense that we shall employ it here.

Guy's piety to God his Father, and to the Child Jesus his "little Brother", is simply unmistakable. It may almost be called instinctive. It is sufficient at this stage to recall his constant delight in the presence of Little Jesus in his heart, his perpetual association and identification of himself in all things with the Divine Child, his pathetic devotion to the sufferings of Jesus and "His Mamma", and in fine his precocious capacity for seeing God in all things, in the bees as well as in the stars.

God was as real to him as his earthly father; Jesus as real as his brother Mark; Mary as real as his earthly mother. He even observed that graded hierarchy in the placing of his affections which "piety" demands.

"Can't you feel how I love you?" he said to his mother, when he lay dying, "you are the first in my heart **after Jesus and His Mamma.**"

He was ever busied about his Father's business. He began every lesson with the sign of the cross on his breast, headed every exercise with J. M. J., and traced little crosses in the middle of his copy book. In the middle of one of those secret codes which he was always inventing, he breaks off to write: "The mystery of the Holy Trinity is the mystery . . ." and then goes on with his mystic script.

He used to sit pouring over his atlas, asking from time to time: "And here, are there any Christians here, or only pagans? . . . How many miles is it . . .



**Guy was pious,  
prudent, humble  
and pure.**

by aeroplane? . . . How long would it take to go and preach Jesus here . . . there? . . ." He may not have been interested in the alluvial deposits of this or that region, but he certainly had a decided bent for "apostolic geography". And he thought big — in air miles!

One Thursday afternoon at the New Circus, his governess observed him gazing absent-mindedly round the crowded audience, his attention evidently far removed from the thrills of the performing acrobats.

"What were you dreaming about just now, dear?" she asked.

"Oh?" he replied, "I was just trying to count the number of children and grown-up people down there, and wondering how many of them love the Good Jesus, I know what to-morrow at Holy Communion, I'll say a prayer for everybody at the Circus." He was just eight or nine years old.

There is a sequel to this delightful incident which we cannot resist anticipating. Three years after Guy's death, Hugo, a twelve-year-old Italian circus child, came on a pilgrimage to Guy's home, to acknowledge the grace of conversion which he felt he had received through him, and which he attributed to this Communion offered for the Circus folk. "Yes," he said, "and I have already got several others to read the 'Life' . . . and that way I've got the 'knotted-rope man,' who is twenty-five and not yet baptized, to go to M. Taippa (who was preparing Hugo for his First Communion), and I am getting the 'trapeze-girl,' and the 'second horse-woman,' by lending them 'Guy's Life' they're not baptized either. I offer Guy the lashes I get; I'm going to take his name at Confirmation, and I'm going to make my First Communion on Sunday: isn't that great? You know, when Guy said that he would pray for all the circus people, I fancy he was praying for me."

So, too, did the Little Flower evangelise the heathen by simply sitting in her cell, thinking always of God, loving Him, and desiring Him to be loved.

"I'm quite big enough," Guy said one day, with all the gravity of his nine years, "to have a seminarist during the holidays. Governess doesn't know how to talk to me about God, so I'd like a seminarist to talk with about Jesus."

In the summer of 1922, he took as subject for his mortification the struggle against his "predominant fault," want of application to his school-work. And so well did he strive that on the return to school he gained the first accessit. One day he was reciting to his mother a piece of the hated memory work prescribed for the holidays, and succeeded in getting through it without a mistake. She was delighted.

"That's given me great pleasure, dear," she said. "And Little Jesus must be very pleased with your efforts."

"Yes?" replied Guy. "He said so . . . but there you are It's a bit too good to last, and I don't know that it will."

(To be continued)



